

August 12th, 1943

Dear Bill and Chieko:

After all these months, I am embarrassed to write to you, and can only plead guilty on the grounds that we were upset about our new orders and busy making plans and packing in preparation for them. However, we have been in Newport since July 1st and I have no excuse for not writing since we arrived, except a guilty feeling.

Please know that we enjoyed so very much hearing from you and receiving the pictures of you all, which by the way we brought with us. Dear Bill, you have changed. The mark of your experience is in your face. But your lovely wife is serene and beautiful as always. The baby, of course, is adorable. What a blessing is childish innocence and the protection of love and care!

There is much to tell you in this letter, and I know you are as anxious to know of our activities as we are of yours. First of all, Jack had an indication of his next assignment some months before the orders actually arrived and was most enthusiastic about the prospect of coming to Newport to the Naval War College. However, the orders didn't arrive until June 15th, which allowed him only two weeks to drive across the country and report on June 30th. As you can imagine, there were myriads of details to arrange. We had decided to reopen the house in Chicago, establish Mother and Gran there with Naomi in charge. I planned to join Jack later in the East. I shall not go into the details about the problems which arose. Allow me to say only that they were numerous and complicated. We had only three days in which to pack and move and settle 5455 before starting East, and after much urging I left the rest of the mess to Mother and Naomi and drove through with Jack.

The trip was beautiful and though, at the time it seemed to me impossible for me to do it, I'm glad now that I did, for many reasons. My mother retired from her job July 1st. Her health was failing and she worried constantly about Gran when she was away from her. Gran is no longer the amusing little old lady you once knew, and is hanging on to life just by grim determination. She will be 97 years old this October, and is a constant care. We are thrice blessed to have Naomi with us again. She came to us at Leavenworth in February and promised to carry on for us for the duration. I believe she will keep her promise. Mother and Gran are happy to be in the little house again, and we are relieved to have the family there. Renting it for two years was most unsatisfactory. The grief we had as a result of the

of the tenants we had there would fill many pages. The present arrangement is expensive, but it is a comfort to Jack to know that should he leave the country, his family has a roof over its head and will be comfortable, at least.

We had considerable difficulty getting settled here. The housing problem is acute. The first two weeks, Jack and I lived in one room and shared a bath with four other people, for which doubtful privilege we paid \$18 per week. We had to take our meals out, which was expensive and inconvenient. We moved to another room which was less expensive, but had the advantage of a private bath, and was more conveniently located geographically. The first of August we moved to a house which we share with another couple and their 8 year old daughter. The arrangement is not completely satisfactory, but it is pleasant to be able to spread out a bit and live more normally, and since it is for only four months, the disadvantages are minimized.

I was fortunate to get a job at the War College as secretary to the Army instructor. It serves several purposes. My salary, while small, helps to defray our additional expense, my work is most interesting and being busy keeps me out of mischief, or at least so Jack thinks.

It was something of a wrench to leave Fort Leavenworth. It had come to seem like home to us and we left many friends behind us, altho many of the people we knew and liked best had already been ordered away. We also knew that it marked the end of our normal home life, and I for one am sure that it probably is the beginning of a lonely life for me. Jack has requested foreign duty after he leaves here. Whether he will get it or not, we don't know as yet, and probably won't know until the last minute. Jack graduates December 2nd, and since the 3rd is my birthday, we'll celebrate as you know. I hope he can get leave so that we can go home for Christmas, but whatever happens, I shall stay with him as long as I can.

Newport, in normal times, must be a charming place. At this time, however, the town is vastly overcrowded which puts a strain on all its facilities. We had hoped to see something of New England while we were in the East, but the gasoline situation doesn't permit much driving about, altho we did get up to the Cape last week to visit some friends.

I'm glad Bill that you have work to do that you enjoy. I am sure that your museum will be a real contribution, as is anything you do. I can imagine that Chieko would keep herself busy, and that Kieko is a constant job to you both these days, tho no doubt you worry somewhat about her future.

Please forgive us for being so very tardy in replying to your wonderful letter. You are always in our minds and hearts. Courage to you both, and I know you join me in the wish that this awful war will end soon and all of us will be able to go about our normal life again. Jack will want to add his contribution to this letter, so I shall leave some things for him to say.

With deep affection to you all, and an American hug for Kieko from her Aunt Charless, whom she is so sure she remembers,

Ever sincerely,

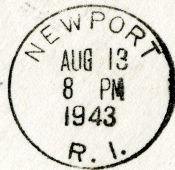
Charless

P.S. Jack has been a Lt. Col. since a year ago last February. I'm hoping he'll get his eagles pretty soon.

11 Blackwell Place
Newport, R. I.

Mrs. J. C. Grubb
11 Blackwell Place
Newport, R. I.

4/20



Mr. and Mrs. K. Tsuchiya
Manzanar Relocation Center
Block 20, Bldg. 1, Apt. 2,
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NAVAL WAR COLLEGE
NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

Dear Bill and Chieko

You misunderstood our letter. We weren't resentful because you hadn't written to us, but hurt- because we thought you believed we wouldn't want to hear from you. And now we have placed ourselves in a bad position. After that long hoped for, and eagerly read letter from you, we have delayed writing to you for so long that you folks must think we didn't enjoy and appreciate it, and that we weren't glad to hear from you and know that you are all well, even though you are uncomfortable and unhappy.

You have been constantly in our thoughts and your troubles have pained us. We little people can find ourselves so powerless when caught in the irresistible movement of world affairs. There is nothing that can be said, I know, that will be of comfort to you or help you in the situation in which you find yourselves. You, and many others like you, are victims of a great injustice; yet the measures which brought about that injustice were necessary for the welfare of a greater number. You and little Chieko are serving our country just as surely as the man who was called from his job behind a counter or desk to serve in battle as a soldier; you are making sacrifices for our country just as surely as a civilian caught in his home in an invaded territory and remaining loyal in thought and word and deed makes sacrifices. Your hearts have been sorely wounded and these realizations will probably be of little solace to you now, but you know, as I do, that one day full amends will be made - however belated- and that your service and sacrifices will be recognized. Meanwhile, be sure of our constant devotion and admiration. But enough of that.

As Charles says, we were delighted to hear of your assignment to the Museum. Working with something you know and love so well must go a long way toward making you happier. And we know that you will more than realize your hope that you will make it something to be proud of. That's one of the qualities we've always so admired in you - your devotion to a task and the pleasure you take in doing it well.

Please forgive our long delay in writing, and let us know how you all are and what developments have taken place since last April. Did Chieko hear any more from her application for permission to leave and take a job? I have heard nothing more of it since I wrote to the Relocation Authority in Washington last Spring?

Believe me, Bill and Chieko,

Always your friend,

